



Trapped



480 71 52

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I am trapped, with no way out.

People put their faces up to the glass every day to watch me struggle, and the only things holding me back from breaking out are the chains.

How could people do this to another human being?

Chapter 2 by 미풍



Then again, this place behind the glass that I've never seen has to be cruel. Never has one sign of beauty flown past my eye line and I suppose it will stay that way. I don't struggle anymore, it's hopeless.

No one seems to stare into my soul but instead guide their eyes around my body, thinking many different thoughts.

The chains latched tightly onto me rub my skin, peeling off thin layers of it as I turn to see my distraught face covered by my blonde, untamed hair in the glass's reflection ; my reflection

scares me sometimes.

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When the screeching noise begins, I look into the hole of the door and pick out various shapes.

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Chapter 3 by John



Food was slid in on a small dish; enough to keep me alive. My chains fall to the ground while the screeching noise begins once again. I fall unto the cold, dark floor catching myself. I crawl to the food and eat like a starving animal. I ate and ate until I was licking the inside for any kind of scraps and I began ,as I always do, to think of a plan to get out of the glass box of madness, but just as I was about to scratch on the wall my plan I became unnaturally sleepy.

I awoke to flashes of light from cameras and phones. My chains were scratching at my wrists once again. I pleaded with the people to let me go. I screamed through the glass "Help me please you cannot do this!", but they laugh as if it is just a game. I see a little boy in the crowd I yell to him "Please help me!" As if to not here me the boy runs to his mother. Tears start to blur my vision. I was so tired by the time it came to close the showroom I was only murmuring for help.The lights went out and the screeching sound started. Food was slid out and I wiped away my tears.

Chapter 4 by Queuezle



The chains come of, but this time, I don't eat the food. I might have a decent chance of escape if they can't catch me. Instead, I ignore my aching stomach and push the food to the camera's blind spot in the room, as if I'm going to eat it.

The screeching fills the room, and I block my ears. Dark, threatening shapes move outside the room, but they don't stop to look.

I grab some food and smear it on my face so that it looks like I've just been eating. Coming into the views of the camera, I sag to the floor like I'm tired and close my eyes, hiding the food behind me and the clear plate in front of me.

A few moments later, the door opens. I don't dare to open my eyes. The person bends down to pick up the plate, and just as he is at his most unbalanced, I strike, grabbing his wrist and yanking down. He falls down and in a fraction of a second, I take in the situation.

He had closed the door behind him and come in alone. He probably thought I wasn't going to be

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He gets up slowly, holding his hands up in surrender. His hand inches towards a radio hanging on his shirt, but I point the knife at him.

'Don't even think about it.' I warn, and he takes it out and drops it on the floor.

'Good.' I breath. 'Now I'm going to escape, and you won't stop me.'

'I won't stop you,' he says. 'I'll even help you.' he slowly lowers his hands.

'Don't-' I stammer. 'Don't stop me.'

'I won't.' he insists. 'Take me with you.'

Chapter 5 by Feather Pencil



He step forwards and offer me his hand, one that was wrapped with black leather, a single long scar run along his arm till the edge of is elbow.

"Who are you?" I manage to open my mouth, hands still grasping onto the knife.

"I'm Timothy, you... you may not remember me but I do remember you" he stop to look around, perspiration can be seen dripping down his face.

"Look we do not have much time, I need you to trust me alright? If they find us, they're going to kill us both." the man slowly lower his body and extend both his hands. My hands shake and my eyes stare into his, trying to judge his seemingly impossible sincerity.

His eyes I notice, are of a deep warm brown, similar to the girl's eyes in the reflection I see everyday, on the glass. There is something comforting in them.

"Please..." he beg with a slight tear growing by his eye.

Loud and rapid footsteps echoed from within the walls and the door. I nod my head and he help me up with his mighty arms.

"This way," he lead me towards the door.

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My head had been to the floor, so now I lift it up, many guards similar to Timothy had blocked our way. I look behind us, more of them.

"We all knew you were going to turn your back on us at some point little Tim, and we knew exactly where you would run to. So give up." Said the leader of the guards with slight insanity. Timothy smiled and replied, "The problem you guys, is that you never look up." He pulled something out of his pocket, grabbed me by the waist, and after what sounded like a gun shot we were pulled into the air.

Chapter 7 by Jak Sinpatico



The building rumbled once the alarm went off.

As we zipped upwards towards the sunlit roof, I was able to clutch onto Tim thanks to the adrenaline rush the chase had given me. I watched the countless stories of the building zoom past us, each one flooded with onlookers, some screaming with rage and others cheering us on. My stomach became a zero gravity chamber as my insides performed nauseating acrobatics. Just as well I hadn't eaten that day.

The PA system drowned out the alarm, "Ladies and gentlemen there is no need to panic. Please keep clear of all fire exits as security officials close down on the threat".

"Do you have a gun?" I asked Tim, not sure what I would even do with one. He shook his head, "You're not shooting anything". He wedges his scarred arm between our waists and reached for a pistol holstered in the back of his pants. "Shut your eyes" his muffled voice yelled over the shots he fired at the skylights. The sound of broken glass was music to my ears. I tucked my head under his arm and watched through squinted eyes as we burst through a shattered glass. I couldn't help but weep.

My eyes struggled to adjust to the shimmering rooftop. The thought of freedom was numbing. If any shards had sliced me open I didn't know it. Tim gripped my elbow and jerked me towards a helicopter planted on a distant helipad. "Can you fly?" I asked, sniffing through my clogged

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her guard. My numbness turned to rage and I struggled to turn back and fight, but my guard still had me by the elbow. "They are my sisters!" I pleaded, but Tim would not yield. "Start the chopper" Tim urged, pushing me towards the helipad and throwing me a keychain, "it's the silver key". I peeked down one last time and saw dozens of Tim's ex-comrades zipping towards the broken skylight we had just penetrated. I shouted with frustration, "They're coming!"

While I adjusted the throttle to get the rotor blades moving, Tim rushed through the helipad's roof door and started hacking into a baluster of a railing, one foot on the handrail, and knife in one hand. I could hear them shouting in there. "Shoot him!" echoed through the stairwell until I put a headset on. The chopper was almost fired up. He slammed the roof door shut behind him and jammed it with the baluster. The door was ripping off its hinges by the time he made it in the chopper. He gestured his arms at the sky, "Let's fly!"

As we lifted into the air the rooftop swarmed with guards, some pointing their pistols our way, others detesting our escape with warning shots. It didn't keep me from looking back into the window where many more girls like me were imprisoned in glass cages. I had the urge to turn the helicopter around and land right over them bastards on the roof. Tim took over the pilot controls, "We are safe for now". He wiped some blood off my shoulder with a bare hand. I had a good look at Tim for the first time as he was riffling through the compartments all around the cockpit. He handed me the survival kit to patch up. For such a brave man, he was quite young.

He noticed me staring and smiled, "any questions?"

Chapter 8 by Queuezle



I blink. 'What?! Are you kidding me?! How- why- what- who-'

'Take it easy,' he says, pushing me down onto the cot at the end of the helicopter. 'You've just survived a breakout from one of the most high-security jails in the world.'

'Say what?'

'This is where the worst criminals go to live their life sentence. Everyone here has committed some sort of crime.'

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'But I haven't!' I protest.

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He looks me in the eye. 'You don't remember anything that happened before this, do you?'

I shake my head. 'What? No! But that doesn't mean-'

'I'm sorry,' Tim says. 'You obviously aren't well enough to answer any of my questions. You're suffering major blood loss. But don't worry, we'll be there soon.'

'What?' I ask, my vision blurring. 'We'll be where? And I'm not bleeding.'

He smiles gently. 'To a better place. Look down.'

I do, and am met with the sight of my blood -not dripping, but *gushing*- all over the cot, staining it red. I'm not one to faint at the sight of blood, but I can afford to be delicate, given what happened to me the past few- what has it been? Weeks? Days? Months? Time flies when you're locked up in prison for something you don't remember doing.

I black out.

the end

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whitefox3

4 days ago

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